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THE GOOSE GIRL

A MOTHER'S LAP BOOK OF
RHYMES AND PICTURES





The illustration on the left depicts a young girl in a classical, draped garment, possibly a chiton and himation. She wears a headband adorned with a large, stylized eye or peacock feather motif. She holds a long, thin staff or wand vertically. In the foreground, a large goose is shown in profile, facing left. The background features stylized clouds and a small, simple landscape with hills and a body of water. A small square logo is visible in the bottom left corner of the illustration.

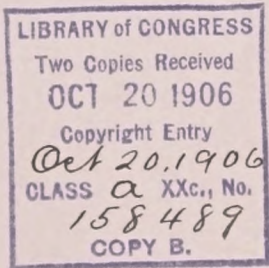
THE GOOSE GIRL

A
MOTHER'S LAP BOOK
OF RHYMES AND
PICTURES

BY
LUCY FITCH PERKINS

CHICAGO
A. C. McCLURG & CO.
1906

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CHICAGO



THE CRITIC

If only more people would write fewer books,
How well pleased I should be !
If all of the Authors would change into Cooks,
'T would suit me perfectly.



POLLY PRIMROSE

Pretty Polly Primrose has come up to town
To sell her garden flowers and to buy herself a gown.
The gown will be of yellow, with a clover blossom on it,
And if there's any money left she'll buy herself a bonnet.





THE PHILOSOPHER

Let me make you acquainted with Mrs. O'Toole,
Though she's had little learning, she's nobody's fool;
She loves her fine geese, but when they are dead
She'll comfort herself with a new feather bed.

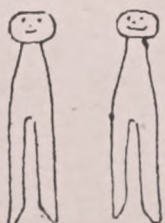
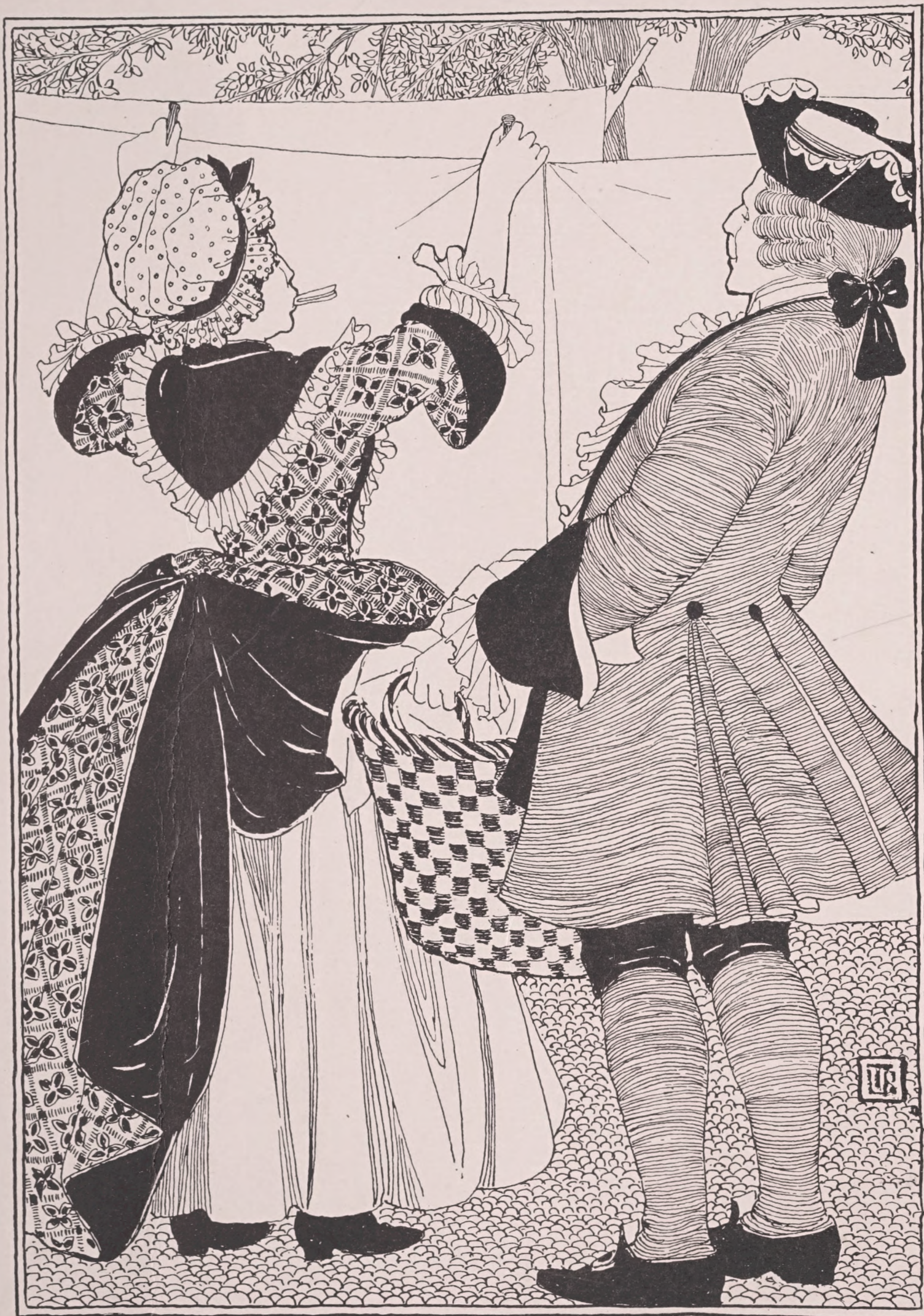




BABY'S PARADISE

Over the hills and far away,
There's a beautiful, wonderful place,
Where happy babies in gardens play,
With mothers dressed all in lace,—
Dressed all in lace and in silken gown,
With flowers in their hair,—
Where trees with blossoms are laden down,
And perfumes fill the air.

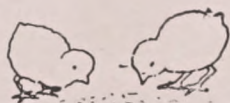




HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS

The noble Duke of Ballyhack and the Duchess Emaline,
Early Monday morning hang the washing on the line.
The Duke he holds the basket while the Duchess hangs the clothes,
For delay on Monday morning the Duchess simply loathes.





A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY

My doll, my doll, my Annabel,
She's really feeling far from well!
Her wig is gone, her eyes are out,
Her legs were left somewhere about,
Her arms were stolen by the pup,
The hens ate all her sawdust up,
So all that's really left of her
Is just her clothes and character.





DIPLOMACY

The Widow Hill has a fine plum-tree ;

The Widow Hill is fond of me ;

I'll call on her to-day.

The plum-tree grows by her front door,

I've been meaning to call for a week or more,

To pass the time o' day.





SAILING

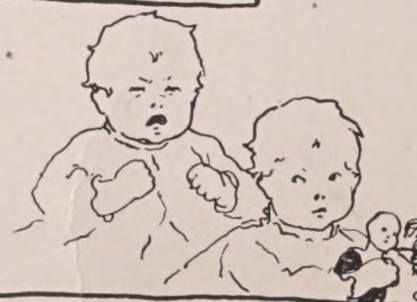
Afloat! afloat in a Golden Boat!

Hoist the sail to the breeze!

Steer by a star to lands afar,

That sleep in the Southern Seas!





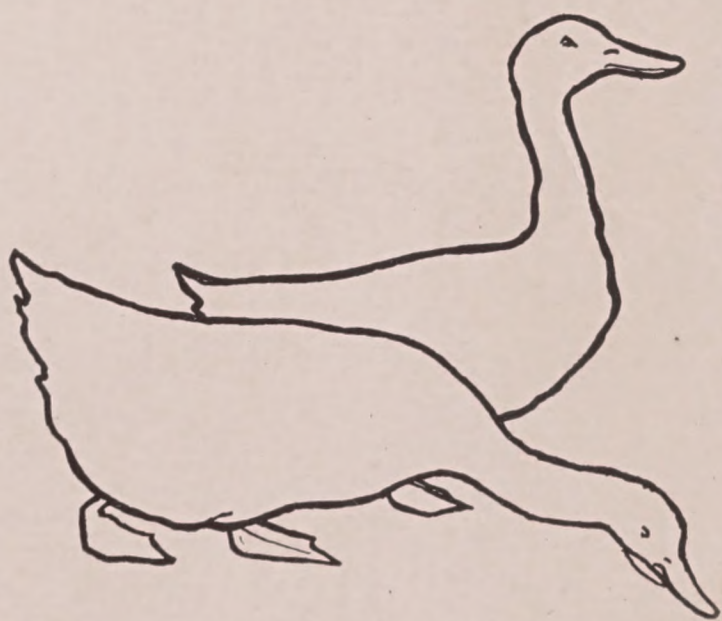
TWINS

Here's a baby, here's another,
A sister and her infant brother,
Which is which 't is hard to tell,
But Mother knows them very well.





THE GOOSE GIRL



THE GOOSE GIRL

Oh, I'm a goose, and you're a goose, and we're all geese together;
We wander over hill and dale, all in the sweet June weather;
While wise folk stay indoors and pore
O'er dusty books for learning's lore,
How glad I am, how glad you are, that we're birds of a feather!
That I'm a goose, and you're a goose, and we're all geese together!





VALOR

There is n't any Giant
Within this forest grim ;
And if there were, I would n't be
A bit afraid of him!



TO ELEANOR

MY BOOK AND HEART



MISERY IN COMPANY

The rain is falling,

The fire is out,

Jane has the toothache,

John has the gout.





A BEAU

There was a man in Dedham town,
Who put on a wig and a dressing-gown,
Flowered slippers and a flowing tie,
Then he looked in the mirror and said,
“Oh, my!”





THE CAPITALIST

I always buy at the Lollipop shop,
On the very first day of Spring,
A bag of marbles, a spinning top,
And a pocket full of string.

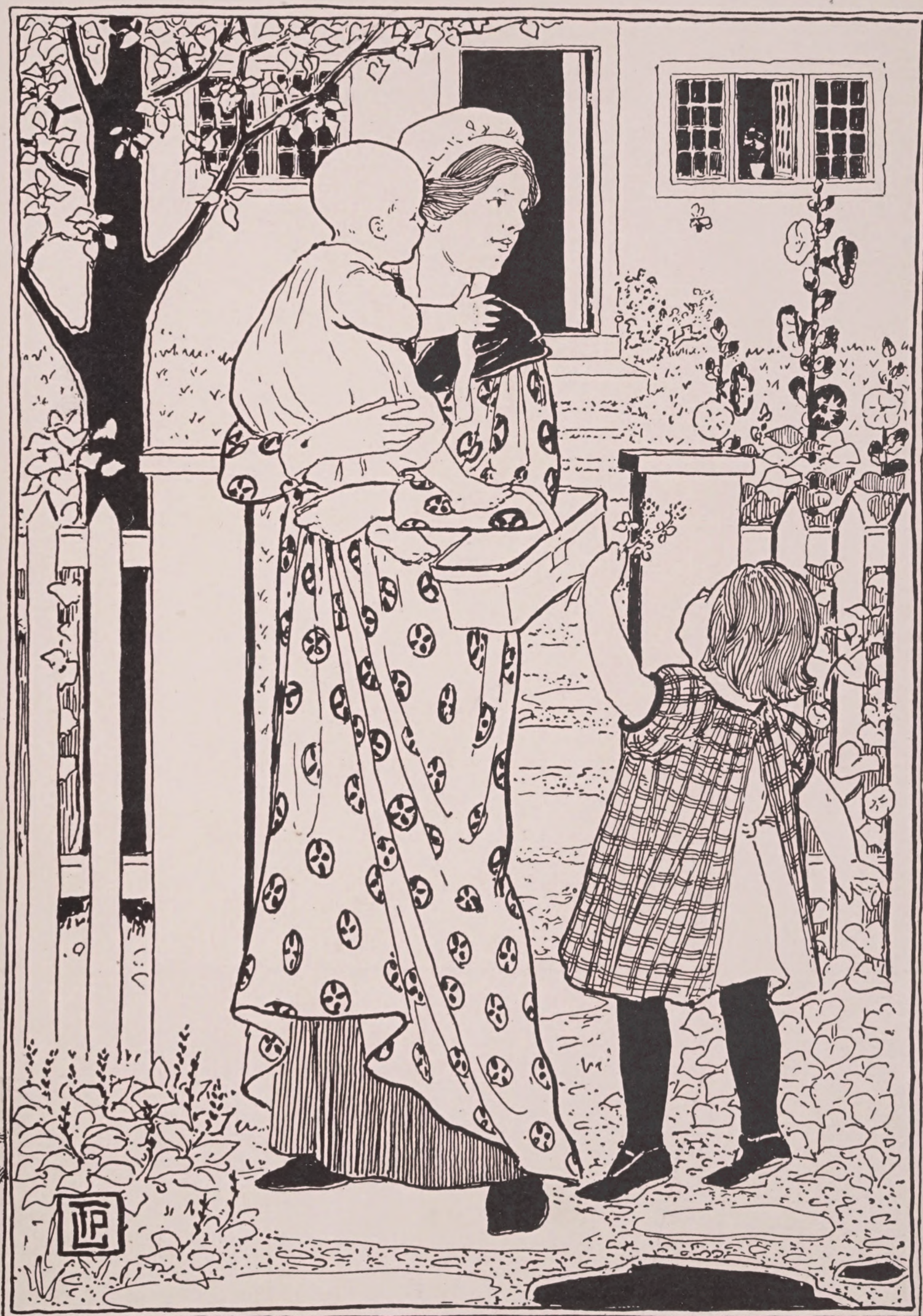




HONEY BEE

Honey-bee, honey-bee, here is some money,
Take it and bring us a pot of new honey.
Fly away, fly—you buzzing old rover!
Gather us sweets from the blossoming clover.





“TRADE-LAST”

“My frock is green.”

“My frock is blue.”

“You look pretty.”

“So do you.”





INCANTATION

Burn, fire, burn!

Burn, fire, burn!

Baby's supper's in the pot,

Waiting till the fire's hot.

Burn, fire, burn!





THE GYPSY QUEEN

On the Birmingham Road, near a deep dark wood,
By the side of her fire the Gypsy Queen stood ;
She called out to me: "Little Man! Little Man!
Cross my palm with silver if you can, if you can!"
I crossed her palm with silver, my fortune she told,
And I shall have riches, both silver and gold!





COURT NEWS

The King and Queen went out to-day,
A-riding on a load of hay ;
The King fell off and lost his Crown,
The Queen fell too, and tore her gown.





FLEDGLINGS

I saw a stork on a chimney high,
And called to him as I passed by,
“O stork! what’ll you bring,
Tucked away carefully under your wing?
A baby sister and a brother,
One for me, and one for mother.”





THE ANCIENT FISHERMAN

There was an ancient fisherman
Upon the Zuyder Zee,
And all the fishes that he caught
He threw back in the sea!

“Oh, fishing is a noble sport,—
A noble sport,” said he,
“But I fear the fish dislike it,
So I throw them back, you see.”





THE ROAD

Somewhere there is a long white road
That ends nowhere at all,
It goes from Winter into Spring,
From Summer through the Fall.

Somewhere the fields are fresh and green,
And gentle breezes blow ;
Somewhere the wind is sharp and keen,
And fields are white with snow.





THE TIN-PEDDLER

Oh, the Tin-Peddler's life is happy and gay,
He is up in the morning before it is day,
He sees the red dawn come up in the sky,
Birds sing in the hedges as he goes by ;
He sees the dew sparkling on corn in the shock,
And the shepherd go forth to care for his flock ;
The roosters are crowing their morning alarms,
The smoke rises high from the chimneys of farms ;
When the world is awaking he rides on the road,
Sitting atop of his shining load.





WAITING

The fire burns brightly,
The tea-kettle sings,
The table is laden
With all the tea-things.
I've put on my apron
And new flowered frock.
Everything's ready,
But where is my Jock?





BORROWED TROUBLE

In the great State of Rhode Island, on the way to Providence,
I came upon a weeping man a-sitting on a fence.

Says I to him, "Pray tell me, sir, what causes you such sorrow?"

Says he to me, "The troubles that I fear will come to-morrow."

Says I to him, "Land sakes alive! the trouble's with your liver."

Says he to me, "I'm thinking, ma'am, of jumping in the river!"

Says I to him, "Come home with me and drink some boneset tea."

Says he to me, "No, thank you, ma'am—I'd rather stay's I be."





THE DUTIFUL DUCHESS

A dutiful duchess, well known to fame,
On her handkerchief always embroidered her name;
This name was so long that the whole year through
Though she worked very hard she could do only two!

This you'll believe when her name I tell;

'Twas Mary Elizabeth Isabel

Annetta Constantia Cristobel

Catherine Helen Eleanore,

And I've forgotten how many more.

And when she had worked them all in rows

There was no room left for her poor little nose!





COMFORT

The sound of wind and the falling rain
Beating against the window-pane,
A clean-swept hearth and the fire's glow,
The sound of the tea-kettle, humming low,
The cat asleep in the rocking-chair,
Warmth and comfort everywhere,
And a neighbor in for a dish of tea ;—
Ah! that's the kind of a day for me !





LADY MARY MONEYBAGS

As Lady Mary Moneybags worked in her garden late,
Along came Richard Renegade and leaned upon the gate.

“Lady Mary Moneybags, will you let me in?”

“For you, Sir Richard Renegade, I do not care a pin.”

“Pretty Lady Mary, your favor I would gain.”

“I think, Sir Richard Renegade, that it is going to rain.”

“For you, sweet Lady Mary, I’d do some glorious deed!”

“Pray pardon me, Sir Richard, while I pull up this weed.”

“Tell me, Lady Mary, why is your heart so cold?”

“Because your purse is empty, and mine is full of gold.”





THOUGHTS IN CHURCH

Oh, to be a sailor,
And sail to foreign lands,
To Greenland's icy mountains,
And India's coral strands!

To see the grinning monkeys
Play in the banyan trees,
And find out why the elephant
Is so baggy at the knees!

To sail upon the Ganges,
And see the crocodile,
Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!

I'd love to see the heathen
Bow down to wood and stone,
But his wicked graven image
I'd knock from off its throne!

The heathen-in-his-blindness
Should see a thing or two,
He'd know before I left him,
What a Christian boy can do!





IN MERRY, MERRY ENGLAND

In merry, merry England,
In the merry month of May,
When the hedgerows were a-blooming
All along the way,

Miss Mary Ella Montague
Put on her finest frock,
And her Sunday hat with ribbons,
And went to take a walk.

Her wise mamma called out to her,
“My darling Mary Ella,
When you take your walks abroad
You must take your umbrella.”

That naughty girl she paid no heed
To her dear mother's call;
She walked at least six miles away,
And it didn't rain at all!



GOSSIP

There goes Marietta

In her Dolly Varden dress!

She thinks that she is better

Than other folks, I guess.

She'll have to learn that feathers fine

Don't always make fine birds—

What's that? She says the same of mine?

What very unkind words!





THE GARDENER

Oh, the little birds are singing in the budding willow-trees,
And the south winds blow across the fields of May,
And my happy heart is singing to the tune of humming bees,
Oh, Spring is here, and Summer's on the way!

The Quaker doves are crooning in the dove-cote in the sun,
And the vine is green against the garden wall.
I've dug the seeds I planted, and they've sprouted, every one,
And I shall have a harvest in the Fall.





IF I WERE QUEEN

If I were Queen of Anywhere,

I'd have a golden crown,

And sit upon a velvet chair,

And wear a satin gown.

A Knight of noble pedigree

Should wait beside my seat,

To serve me upon bended knee,

With things I like to eat.

I'd have bonbons and cherry pie,

Ice-cream and birthday cake,

And a page should always stay near by

To have my stomach-ache!





THE LOGICAL FOOL

A logical fool went out one day
And sat him down to cry;
An honest farmer passed that way
And asked the reason why.

The jester sobbed: "Why, don't you see,
It is my work to play,
And so my rest must surely be
The opposite of gay.

"I love the luxury of woe;
'Tis joy to me to weep;
Fools have no other way, you know,
A holiday to keep."





LP

THE TWO KNIGHTS

I

Away in the forest there stands a good Knight
Clad all in a coat of mail;
His lance is made of an icicle bright,
His arrows are the hail.

II

And now and again he encounters a Knight
Dressed all in Lincoln green;
His crest is a spray of hawthorn white,
His lance a bright sunbeam.

III

They fight from dawn till set of sun,
Till the leaves come out on the trees,
And all the rivers begin to run
To carry the news to the seas;

IV

Till all the flowers spring from the earth,
And the grass grows green all around;
Then Winter yields to the good Knight's worth
And is out of sight at a bound.



THE WINTER QUEEN

Oh, have you seen the Winter Queen,
In her robe of filmy lace,
With her shining crown and her cloak of down,
And her gentle, dreaming face?
The flowers love her, for a snow-white cover
To keep them warm she brings;
She tucks them round with a crooning sound,
And they fall asleep as she sings.





THE QUEEN OF SPRING

Oh, the Queen of Spring is a dainty thing,
In her flower-bordered gown,
With her face so fair and her unbound hair,
And a blossoming wreath for a crown.

She dances along to a happy song,
By river and forest and stream ;
The flowers hear her, as she comes nearer,
And rouse themselves from their dream.





QUEEN SUMMER

The Summer Queen is sweet and serene,
Beloved the whole world over.

The meadow grasses wherever she passes
Are spangled with daisies and clover.

The blue of the skies shines again in her eyes,
Her hair is like golden grain.

The jewels drip down on her rose-leaf gown
Like the dew and the summer rain.

Her throne is away where the south winds play
To the lilt of an endless tune,
With swaying trees and humming bees,
In the golden afternoon.





THE QUEEN OF THE FALL

The Queen of the Fall is mother of all,

Her face is kind and sweet.

The clustering vines her bowers entwine,

Her crown is a garland of wheat.

She brings in her train the ripening grain,

And orchards with fruit aglow.

The cellars and barns, on all the farms,

With plenty overflow.

So here's to Winter, Spring, Summer, and Fall!

They each give us pleasure; thanks, thanks for them all!



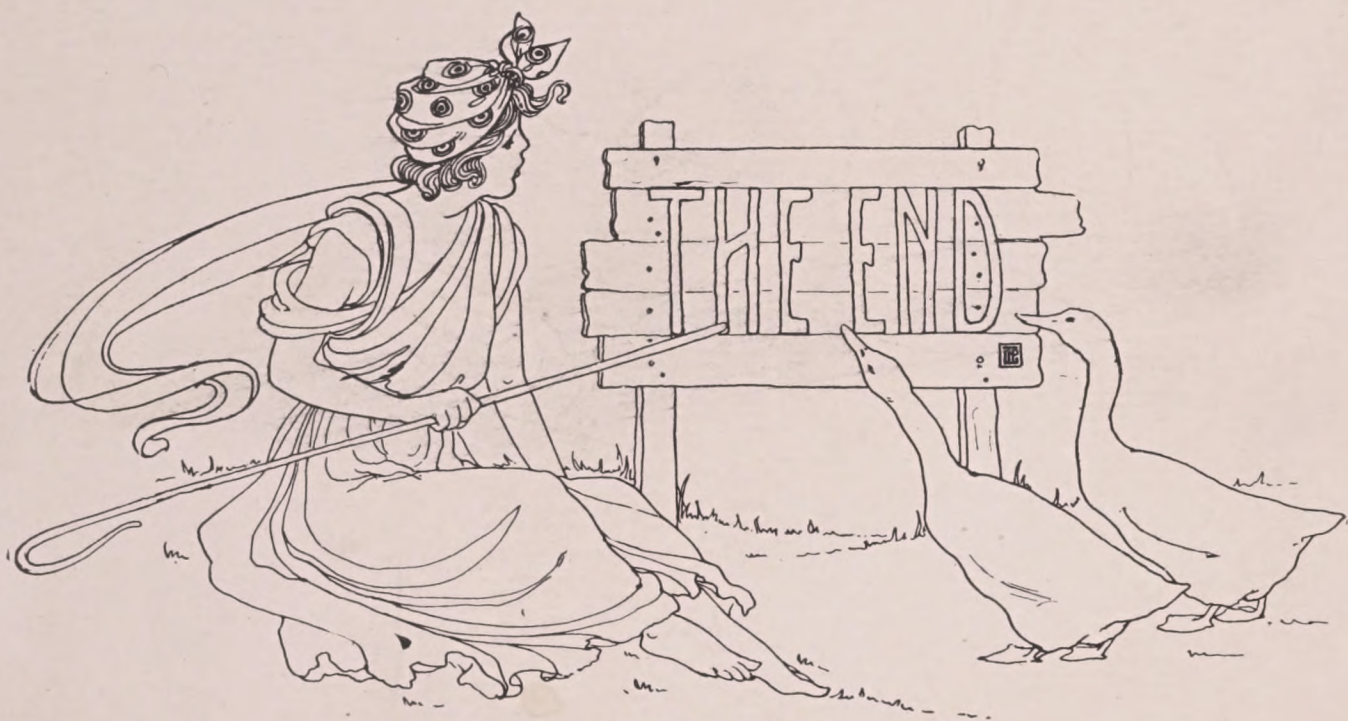


THE RIM O' THE WORLD

There is a green tree far away;
To reach it would take a year and a day;
For it stands at the end of the world.
Its trunk grows out of a rocky ledge,
Its branches droop over the farthest edge,
Where the clouds hang all unfurled.
And on its very longest limb,
Swinging far out to the west,
Away, away o'er the world's blue rim,
Hangs a little oriole's nest.







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